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CARLO

L. B. Hartman

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CARLO

"Which nightly he patrolled as guard."

CARLO THE NOBLE DOG

An Exhibition of True Heroism

A STORY IN RHYME

FOUNDED ON FACT

BY

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"Divine Penology," "The Republic of America," "Little Willie," etc.

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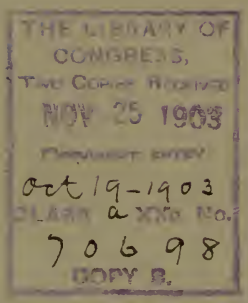

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To him whose mind can apprehend
In his dumb dog a faithful friend,
And loves his valor to commend,
In prowess justified;
To him, and all that love romance
And all that talk of fate, or chance,
Or art of conquering circumstance,
This volume is inscribed,

AND

Affectionately Dedicated

BY THE

AUTHOR

A living dog is better than a dead lion

—ECCLESIASTES

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day

—SHAKESPEARE

Canto I

DOWN where the Schuylkill waters flow,
There lived Sam Brown long years ago,
Who with his wife, a fair young bride,
Adorned their cottage home with pride.
His neighbors all, both young and old,
Nicknamed him "Brownie," we are told,
And said they "loved him all the same,
For his kind deeds, by any name."
A truer friend or one more kind
To rich and poor was hard to find,
And every beast upon his farm
Knew well it ne'er would suffer harm.

He loved all "pets," and quite a host
He'd gathered round him, but the most
He loved his dog of peerless worth,
Of rarest strain and blooded birth.
He called him "Carlo," and his name

"Adorned their cottage home with pride"

Had filled the township with his fame;
No other could with him compare
In worth, nor half his honor share.

Brownie had taught him many ways
To be of service in his days:
He'd drive the pigs out of the yard,
Attend his wife as bodyguard,
And carry bundles from the store,
Then go to market after more;
And every evening without fail
He'd bring from town his master's mail;
He'd fetch the cows, and herd the sheep,
And when his day's work was complete
He'd take his station in the yard,
Which nightly he patrolled as guard.
As years passed on the household grew
And happy children, not a few,
A lively group of girls and boys,
Now multiplied their home-bred joys.

Among them Carlo was a pet,
Brave, true, majestic, huge, and yet
With all of them as kind and mild
And playful as a little child.
He had grown up in stature fine,

"The children playing in the yard, . . he was their guard"

To a full giant in his line,
Become the warden of the "ring,"
In which he proved himself a king.

In all that happened there for years
He oft in many scenes appears:
The children playing in the yard,
Or in the barn, he was their guard;
And when they strayed o'er sunny hills,
Or lingered by the rippling rills,
Or fished the minnows from the brook,
Or shelter sought in shady nook,
Or playing in the rustic bowers,
Or in the meadows gathering flowers—
In orchard, garden, house or tent,
Wherever Brownie's children went,
There Carlo with majestic pride
Was ever found as guard and guide;
And woe to any tramp, or boy,
Or savage cur that would annoy
The Brownie children when away
From parent-roof by night or day.
By them no play was much enjoyed
When he was otherwise employed,
"For all of them" (the neighbors said)
"Loved Carlo as they loved their bed."

"Sometimes . . . would ride in triumph on his back"

Oft in their happy childish glee
Amusing spectacles there'd be,
Which Carlo always seemed t' enjoy
As much as either girl or boy.
Sometimes Adele and Guy and Jack
Would ride in triumph on his back;
While Jane and Ben again would hitch
Him to a cart, and with a switch
Would drive him through the open hall,
The dog the happiest of them all.

So full of sympathy was he,
With all his canine majesty,
That all the neighbors in the town
Confess'd they'd ne'er his equal known.
Thus, if by chance it happened so
His little friends had come to woe
By falls or bruises in their play,
And childish tears would force their way,
'Mid cries of sorrow down the cheek,
Carlo would come and lick their feet
And faces too, to soothe their pain,
And never were his efforts vain.

The Brownies had no anxious care
Which Carlo did not seem to share;

Were they afflicted, he was sad ;
Were they delighted, he was glad ;
Whate'er of duty he could see,
Of deeds of love or charity,
He never failed to do his part,
As if possess'd of human heart.

At night he would patrol the yard
Around the house, like Roman guard,
And while the Brownies sweetly slept
The dog his safest vigils kept ;
And on the least approach of harm
Around that humble house and barn,
His bark would echo through the vale
Like lion's roar upon the trail,
And thrill with terrifying fear
All who th' appalling sound might hear.

Canto II

THUS years of joy and peace they passed
Together—but these could not last:
New cares were gathering in the fold,
And Carlo now was growing old;
And Brownie too by cruel fate
Had lately been unfortunate.
By some mishap he lost his farm,
And lightning struck and burned his barn,
His crops and all the year had earned,
His team and cows and all were burned,
And naught was left to call his own,
Save wife and children and the home.

His means of living now were gone,
And age was also creeping on;
And broken-hearted, in despair
Poor Brownie sank into his chair
In reveries profound and deep

With woes unutterable replete.
His wife and children came around
And tried to cheer him, but no sound
Escaped his lips—too sad to weep,
And much dejected, could not speak.
His neighbors too, to cheer his heart
Came to his side, and every art
They knew applied to bring relief
To Brownie's mind so full of grief;
But all their efforts proved in vain,
None could alleviate his pain.

'Twas not so much what he had lost,
Nor what his sacrifices cost,
That bore him down, but all the more
He worried lest his meagre store,
Could not supply his future need
And wife and children clothe and feed.

Thus for long hours he'd sit and brood
His losses o'er in pensive mood;
All pitied him and what to do
Was more than any neighbor knew.

At last he fell into a doze,
And dreamed a dream, and when he 'rose

Bright sunshine filled his cottage-room,
His heart was cheered and gone his gloom ;
At once his reverie he broke,
And standing up thus calmly spoke :
"Since all our store has been consumed,
And all our hopes have been entombed,
We've naught but hardships now to view,
And toils and sacrifices too.
To save expenses in our fare
We all alike some loss must bear,
And all that we can sacrifice
Without much pain, I now advise.

With this at once we must proceed,
And as we now no longer need
Old Carlo—since his daily fare
Is really more than we can spare—
Although he served us well in stead,
'Twere better now that he were dead :
Poor, poor are we, too poor to keep
And feed him for another week ;
Though hard, I feel it must be done ;
I must dispatch him with my gun."

This unexpected declaration,
Filled every heart with consternation ;

His children all with one accord
Now rushed to Brownie and implored
With love and smothered sighs and tears.
"Dear papa, all our lifelong years,
In joys and sorrows, night and day,
Carlo has been our hope and stay—
Oh, spare him! we implore, we cry,
We cannot see poor Carlo die!
And we will help you in some way
To keep and feed him, day by day."

Adele declared: "This day I'll try
To find some help." "And so will I,"
In one sweet voice, quoth Ben and Guy;
"And I will sell my cart," said Jack,
"And Carlo shall no comfort lack."
Jane said: "I'll keep a peanut stand,
Since nuts are always in demand;"
And Sam resolved to do his part,
By selling papers in the park.
All felt assured, if they would try,
That God would help them by and by.
The father heard his children talk,
And for diversion took a walk,
And thus a painful hour beguiled;
His wife looked on and never smiled,

For much she feared that Brownie meant,
To carry out his dread intent.

Press'd with the fear of coming cares
He heeded not his children's prayers;
"Carlo is old," they heard him say,
"And like all dogs he's had his day."
In heart he pitied Carlo too,
And thus determined now to do:
He'd take him to the river-side,
And drown him in the flowing tide,
And thus he hoped his end to gain
Without inflicting needless pain.

No sooner was his plan conceived,
Than Brownie's mind was much relieved,
Which to them all in language plain
He told, in hope to ease their pain.
His good intentions here were kind,
But failed to change his children's mind,
Instead of comfort or relief,
He only multiplied their grief.
In sympathy and love profound
They wept anew, their arms around
Old Carlo's neck; they kissed his face
In childish innocence and grace.

"And with him to the river hied"

Their wild alarm, their sobs and sighs,
With saddest tears filled Carlo's eyes,
As in their midst serene he stood,
And knew such mourning meant no good.

The neighbors hastened to the scene,
In wonder what such cries could mean ;
With Brownie none would interfere,
But from their eyes the silent tear
Welled up in sympathy for those
Whose little broken hearts and woes
Filled all their souls with keenest smart
As they were now compelled to part
With their old friend, in grief and pain,
And never, never meet again.

But Brownie, stern in his intent,
Still on his cruel mission bent,
Called Carlo gently to his side,
And with him to the river hied.
With cheerless heart of grief and pain
He led him down the grassy lane,
And when he reached the public way,
Carlo looked back, as if to say
"Farewell old home and comrades dear,
We've lived together many a year ;

I always kept you in my sight,
And sought your safety day and night;
I trust no ills will you befall
Since I'll not be within your call;
I fain would longer stay with you,
But fate forbids—alas, adieu!"

Canto III

THE children saw their pet depart,
And deepest anguish filled each heart
As with emotion now they cried:
"Farewell, dear Carlo, we have tried
To save you from so sad an end,
For you have always been our friend—
We've plead in tears, but all in vain,
Oh, shall we never meet again?"

Old Major Proctor who stood by
And heard the children's woful cry,
Now shouted out amidst their sobs:
"Farewell, old chief, I'm sure the gods,
Will save thee yet from being slain,
And bring thee safely home again."
As if the prophet's holy fire,
Had touched the strings of Proctor's lyre,
The spell of that prophetic strain,
Inspired a hope in all amain.

Soon Brownie reached the river-bank,
Far down below the water tank:
While all the town and neighborhood
Had gathered there and round him stood;
(For Carlo was renowned of all
As friend of children great and small,
Since he had won a glorious name
Which filled the village with his fame).

He now engaged a small canoe
(The only one that was in view).
Though old and frail, 'twas fully oared;
In this, with Carlo now aboard,
He rowed far out into the flood,
Resolved to make his purpose good;
He seized poor Carlo by the feet
And plunged him out into the deep.

But quite unlike a scene of yore
Of which we read in Bible lore,
When billows howled and tempest blew,
And terrorized the helpless crew
Who cast poor Jonah in the wave,
When some great fish rushed in to save
And rescue him from death's cold chill,
That he his mission might fulfill—

Unlike it here, all was serene
And not a cloud was to be seen ;
The waves rolled calmly side by side
And fish were sporting in the tide,
But not a friend was here to save
Old Carlo from a watery grave.

I doubt when Brownie threw him in
He ever thought the dog could swim ;
And disappointed in his plan
He had to try his wits again.
The dog kept swimming round the boat,
Nor did he find it hard to float ;
But Brownie all determined more
Now meant to kill him with his oar.
He brought it down upon his head
With all his force and, almost dead,
Poor Carlo sank. Again he rose,
But only to receive more blows.

The dog looked in his master's face
In vain for pity, love, or grace,
Or sign, by which to comprehend
Such treatment from his lifelong friend :
He'd loved his master all his days,
And served him in a thousand ways ;

"And raised his oar with strength replete"

Why he should die thus by his hand
Poor Carlo could not understand.
The multitude which gathered there
And watched with pain the sad affair,
Looked on in silent, trembling fears,
While every eye was bathed in tears.

Now Brownie was himself amazed
To find the dog was only dazed—
That all the efforts of his blows
Had only multiplied his woes;
This grieved his mind, as all men knew
That Brownie was kind-hearted too,
And would not give unneedful pain
To anything, his end t' obtain.

On one more desperate effort bent
The old man now was more intent;
But as he rose upon his feet,
And raised his oar with strength replete,
Determined with one final blow
To end poor Carlo's earthly woe,
He lost his balance and fell in;
And lo! Old Brownie could not swim.

Canto IV

THE woes which Carlo had alone,
Had now in part become his own;
He plunged and struggled in his fright
And called for help with all his might;
By every art he knew he tried
To keep his head above the tide;
He thought of wife and children dear,
And friends and neighbors far and near;
And all the deeds he'd ever done,
Or good or ill, beneath the sun,
That moment flashed his conscience o'er;
And yet he struggled all the more;
But found at last all efforts vain,
And all his hopes now fled amain.

Carlo, who'd heard his mournful cries,
Looked at the scene with dimming eyes;
Although more really dead than 'live
He felt again his love revive;

"And pull'd his master toward the shore"

And seeing Brownie's fearful plight,
He quickly seized him in his fright;
Above the tide his head he bore,
And pull'd his master toward the shore.

The crowd who'd watched with eager eyes,
Their silence broke, and now their cries
And shouts of triumph rent the air
And rolled o'er hill and valley fair:
"Hurrah—hurrah!" each set agog,
Hurrah!" they cried, "for noble dog,
Who risking life for Brownie's aid,
Such magnanimity displayed."

Old Carlo now exhausted, weak,
Was almost gone, as in the deep
He toiled without a helping hand,
Yet stroke by stroke came nearer land:
When, lo! All hushed in silence stood.
It now appeared that Carlo would,
Exhausted, with his treasure sink
And perish near the river's brink.
But see—he rallies once again
And with united might and main
Afresh applies his power to save
His master from the watery grave.

Loud cheers again all tongues employ,
As to their unexpected joy
With one terrific struggle more
He drags his treasure to the shore.
Scarce in a crowd beneath the sun
Did e'er excitement higher run :
They shouted louder than before
And cheered till they could cheer no more.

They gathered round the dog and man
And felt that since the world began
To final doom, no dog they'll find
So merciful, majestic, brave,
As Carlo, who this day did save,
With wounded head and bated breath,
His master from untimely death.

With sympathy aloud expressed
The people now the dog caressed;
They rubbed his face and aching head
(For he was weak and almost dead),
They dress'd his wounds and brought him
food;
And as he there among them stood
They lauded his fidelity
And praised his intrepidity

And hailed him chief and crowned his name
With glory and unequaled fame.

They gathered round his master next,
Who, although safe felt much perplexed
With mingling gratitude and shame
And grief and sorrow, for the pain
Inflicted on his lifelong friend
Who none of this could comprehend.
And as he spoke his tears like rain
Rushed down his pallid cheeks again.

Old Proctor who had all the while
Witnessed the scene without a smile,
Now turned to Brownie as he shed
Those bitter tears, and calmly said:
"I think that after all the gods
Have heard the children's prayers and sobs,
And saved the dog from being slain,
And shall return him home again;
Now pray, what answer do you give?
Must Carlo die? or may he live?
Has he this day not won his life
By saving yours? Did not his strife
And strain for yours more than repay
For worth of his by yours to-day?"

"Ah, yes!" said Brownie, seated low,
"My life to Carlo all I owe;
Carlo, who's always been my friend,
Shall live with me till life shall end.
Although I'm poor and full of care,
And met misfortunes hard to bear;
'Twill prove a struggle great indeed,
My children all to clothe and feed,
Yet by the strength that in me lies
I'll keep old Carlo till he dies;
To feed him I will toil the more
And with him share my meagre store;
I know my wife and children dear
Will join me too with greatest cheer;
No sacrifice by them I know
Will be too great to undergo;
And when I take him home I ween,
To-day their joy will be supreme."
And as he spoke, down from his eyes
Tears flowed in pity, and his sighs
With mingled joy and modest grace
Alternate played upon his face.

Depressed he was, as all could see,
With unrelenting misery;
Conflicting feelings swayed his mind

Of joy and sorrow both combined ;
He felt his life he'd nearly lost,
Then conned what his salvation cost.
His cruel and death-telling blows
On Carlo's head now caused his woes;
That he was safe on land again
Was joy—but joy which gave him pain :
For all his joys he'd only paid
That which his cruelty displayed :
Thus all his joys were sorrows too,
And sorrows were his joys in lieu ;
His tears of laughter were the same
As those which from his sorrows came ;
And his demure self-crimination,
Eclipsed his doubtful consolation.

Canto V

HE now determined in his heart,
To take the dog and homeward start:
In saddest plight, they walked not ran—
A weary dog—but wiser man.

And ere they yet were out of sight
The multitude, in their delight,
In shouts e'en louder than before
Broke forth in happy cheers once more:
"Hurrah! for Brownie in his grief—
Hurrah! for Carlo, hero, chief—
Hurrah! for man and dog once more,"
Swept o'er the hills with deaf'ning roar:
And as the distant echo ceased
They both their lagging pace increased,
And soon within their cottage door
CARLO AND CHILDREN MET ONCE MORE.

The scene which greeted now their eyes,
Was to them all a great surprise:

"Their awful plight the wife amazed"

Their awful plight the wife amazed,
And all the children nearly dazed.
Old Carlo there demurely stood,
With wounded head still stained with blood;
And Brownie with disheveled hair,
And water-soaked, in dank despair,
Disconsolate, rested by his side,
Chagrined and deeply mortified.
So startling was the unwonted scene
They wondered what it all could mean:
Then Brownie in his pensive way,
Told them the story of the day.

The scene itself was ludicrous,
The tale he told so fatuous,
And such was their astonishment,
All stood in speechless wonderment;
While tears were springing to their eyes,
Their heart o'erflowed with grave surprise.
The tale he told was very brief
And failed to bring their hearts relief,
Since they all feared that Carlo's day
Was doomed to end some other way.
Then Brownie to them plainly said—
"This dear old dog with bleeding head,
Despite my cruelty, did save

Your father from a watery grave ;
To his brave spirit now I owe
My own base life. A real hero
He's proved himself to be to-day,
And I have brought him home to stay—
To share our comforts and our store
Until his days shall all be o'er."

The children all in silence heard
What wondrous exploits had occurred ;
And when they fully understood
That "all together worked for good,"
Their great astonishment and fright
Changed quick into supreme delight ;
They danced and shouted, leaped and rolled
In joy and rapture uncontrolled
With Carlo resting on the floor,
Conscious they'd part with him no more :
Just as their sorrows had been deep,
Their joy supreme was now complete.

Brownie and wife in highest glee
Joined in the general jubilee ;
And all the afternoon was spent
In richest feats of merriment,
As if the "fatted calf were killed,"

And all had feasted and were filled
With joy for Carlo—all around,
"Who once was lost, but now is found."

For many years, as we are told,
They lived together as one fold;
Carlo, without a pain or grief,
Again the children's chum and chief,
Stood guard around the cottage door
By night and day, just as before.
Nor did poor Brownie e'er again
Of sad misfortunes more complain.
He never thought it hard, though poor,
To labor that he might procure
Of means sufficient to sustain
His wife and children, and maintain
In rich abundance Carlo too,
Who'd proved himself a friend so true.

Though often weary in his toil,
He ne'er from duty would recoil;
And what sustained him day by day
Were memories of his sad affray,
Which ever prompted him anew
To pay his debt to Carlo due.

The parents now, as once before,
Were bless'd "in basket and in store,"
And in their gratitude each day
They taught their children how to pray;
In all things urged them to be wise
And live for "mansions in the skies."
Thus years of happy innocence
Emerged in mutual confidence;
Their children now around them stood
In noble man- and womanhood,
To parents' hearts by love endeared,
By all their neighbors much revered.

Canto VI

THE MORAL

L. of C.

NO doubt a scene of such display
Contains a "moral" for our day,
Which rudely sketched in many parts
Should yet withal enlist our hearts.
Such scenes, more often felt than told,
Are sometimes worth their weight in gold,
Since through their very silence, more
Than speech flows through their hidden lore.

Here grief and gratitude unite
And tears are mingled with delight,
And cruelty inflicting pain
Is generously put to shame;
While in the outraged dog is seen
Fidelity and love supreme:
Strange paradoxes thus combine
To make the lesson more sublime—
A lesson which we all should learn
That we may "good for ill return."

Nor is this all it would reveal
Of what to sight it doth conceal :
Here what we call magnanimous
In actions grand and glorious,
We see with true nobility
And valiant intrepidity,
Unite to teach the happy art
Of serving others from the heart.

Nor is the story fully told,
Since yet in beauty we behold
How perseverance conquering chance
Can rise above all circumstance
And win by courage undismayed
Rich trophies long by hope delayed :
And how an active pound of pluck
Is worth a hundred tons of luck
While battling with the force of fate
In weal or woe unfortunate.

And how a noble deed will rise
In th' estimation of the wise—
Commend itself by its own worth,
Although it had but humble birth ;
While acts of mean and low attempt
Provoke but their supreme contempt.

How what is really GREAT and TRUE,
With pinions of the richest hue,
Ascends with an immortal fame
And lights its torch in heaven's flame,
And sweeps the golden arch sublime
Of rolling centuries of time,
To tell its story in the morn
Of generations yet unborn,
That all may know its precious lore
And greatness, truth, and love adore.

Thus he whose head is clear of fog
May learn a lesson from his dog,
So faithful, noble, brave and kind,
The truest friend of humankind.
Though oft ill-used he holds no spite,
His master's smiles are his delight;
'Midst cruelties he yet would share
His master's hunger, want, and care;
Though weal or woe may him betide,
He's happy by his master's side,
Or in a hovel, or a tent,
Or stately mansion, he's content;
He keeps his secrets, tells no tales,
His loyalty in all prevails;

He warns him too, when danger's nigh,
And for his master dares to die.

O noble dog, thy nature true,
Thy friendship old, yet ever new,
Has won for thee an honored throne
Of loyalty in every home.
Couldst thou but speak and let them know
What sorrows thou dost undergo
When cruel boys, or men by name,
Distress and give thee useless pain,
And demon-like thy body flog
All just because thou art a dog—
Couldst thou thyself by words defend,
Methinks their hearts would comprehend
And realize how wicked they
Thus prove themselves in the affray.

Dear reader—to your dog be kind,
A truer friend is hard to find;
And from him daily try to learn
How true nobility to earn,
How moral greatness to attain
And the rewards of virtue gain.

Thrice happy he who in this school
Learns to obey the Golden Rule—
To "love his neighbor as himself"
In sickness, poverty, or wealth:
Who learns the love which lives to seek
And bears the burdens of the weak;
That love which always wins the prize
And points the hopeless to the skies;
That love which over all prevails
And never, *never*, NEVER fails.

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